

ULTIMATUM™

ULTIMATE® SPIDER-MAN

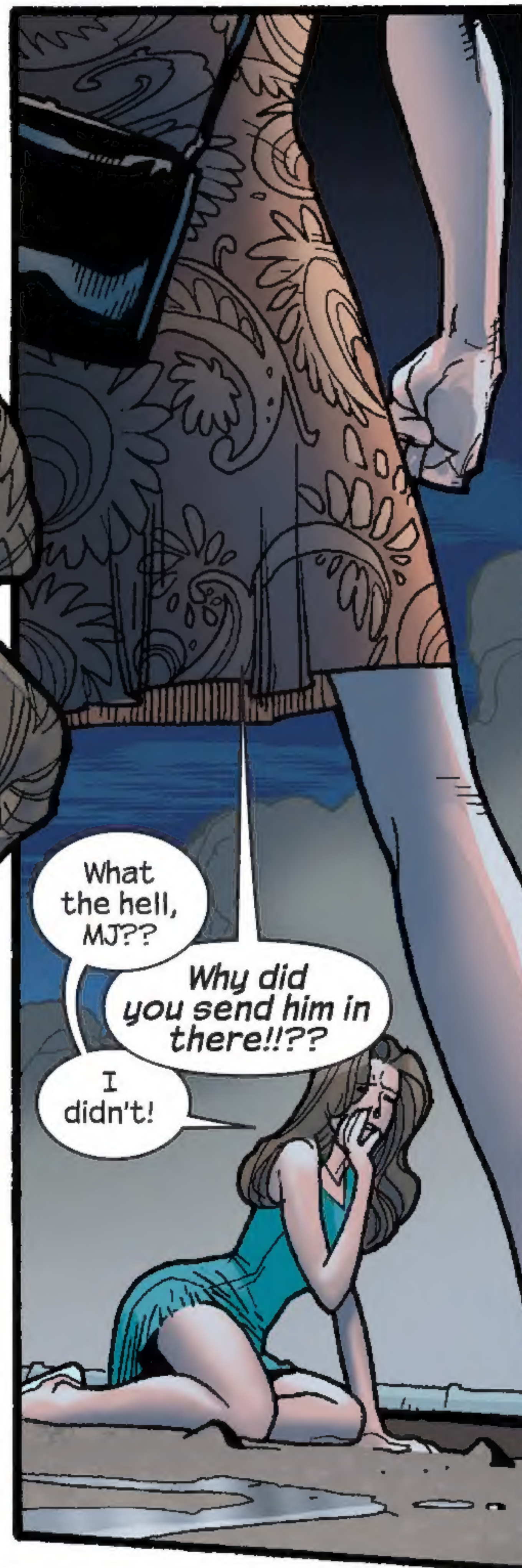
ISSUE
132



MARVEL

**BENDIS
IMMONEN
von GRAWBADGER
PONSOR**





What the hell, MJ??

Why did you send him in there!??

I didn't!



Whoa!!

You sent him IN there!!!

STOP!!

YOU SENT HIM IN THERE!!



RRRGHH!!

Stop!!



You'll *never* understand!!

You'll *never* understand how much I love him!!

Of course I do!! I love him as much as--!!



I didn't *send* him.

He went in. He- he- he went to do what he could. Just like us.

I would go in too if I could get there. If I could swing or fly.

You *know* that. I would go too.



This- this is

The world- this is something else.

This is--



Whoa!

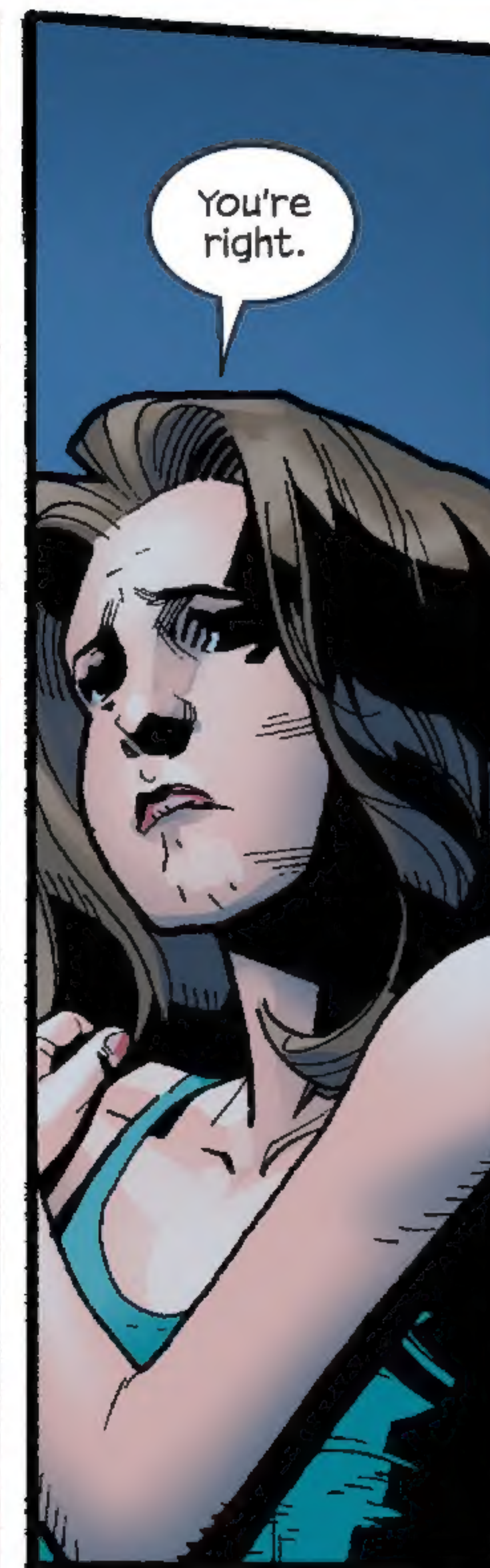


What do you want me to do?



Get him back.

Help him.



You're right.



Doctor Strange's Sanctum Sanctorum.
Two Months Ago.



Oh man, I thought you were friends with Daredevil.

No. Not even a little.

I thought you guys were in a club.

Club? No. I don't know him any more than you do.

So you won't mind if I say he's an @##hat.

No, that's about right.

Well, thanks for the help tonight.



No, you kidding me? Thank *you*, doc.

So what? Is this all your magic stuff?

Yup.

Where'd you get it all?

I didn't. My dad did. The original Doctor Strange. I inherited it.

And it's all...real actual magic stuff?

All of it.



Wow, what is *this*?

This--this is so cool.

Master.

This is the Orb of Acmantata. And it's like a doorway.

To where?

Master, don't--

The Dark Dimension.

No, really?



Really. Anything that doesn't belong here on Earth or can't be here because it's like a mystic threat to our, you know, reality.

It's in *there*.

Sir. These are secrets that no--

Oh, he's cool.

Cool?

You won't tell anybody.



I'm not even sure what you said. But really, this stuff is all safe in here?

I'm still studying all of it. It's gonna take years.

And it's *safe* here... right in the middle of New York City?

Wong?



The seal of the Ancient One *protects* this house from any attack.

That thing? The window?

Yes, child.

What if someone, you know, *broke* it?

Why would someone do that?



Well...to steal *that*. Among other things.

This house is protected by spells carried on both mine and the master's bodies. The seal is secure.

(And we have a very expensive alarm system.)



Hey, don't worry about it...

It would take, like--I don't know, an act of *God* or something to break into this place.

Doctor Strange's Sanctum Sanctorum.
Now.

One
act of
God.
Order
up.

Come on, say what you
will about me, but I have
found an amazing plethora
of ways to bite it today.

All of New York drowns in a mutant
terrorist disaster, I have the Hulk
chasing me up and down Broadway
like a two-thousand-pound rabid
dog and now I'm being bit in the tush
by out-of-control magic creatures
exploding from another dimension.

I mean come on,
this is a spectacular
amount of --AAGH!



Manoshefsky,
what the hell
was that?

Yikes.

All of a sudden
I feel- I feel
off. Feverish.

My skin's
crawling out of
my costume.

These smells...
What is this?
What are these
things?



Hulk smash
lights!

Hulk smash
lights.

Yeah, that's
good. That'll work.
Hit a house.



SMASH

HULK SAY
STOP IT!!



Hulk, cut it
out. It's a
building, not
a--

Oh
man...



He's
alive??

He made
it?

Strange?

Yo.

That ain't Doctor Strange.

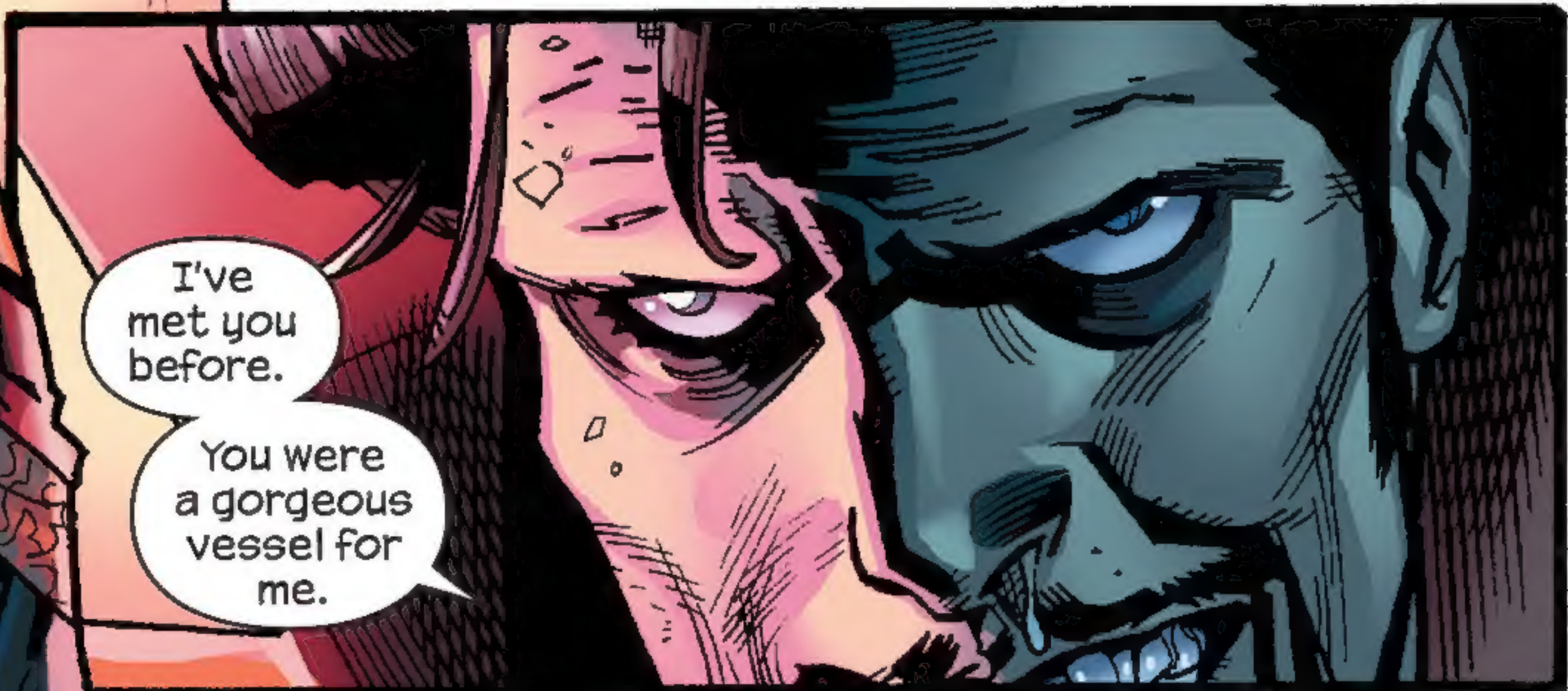
What is this??
Why is this familiar?



Uh, Hulk... hit that.

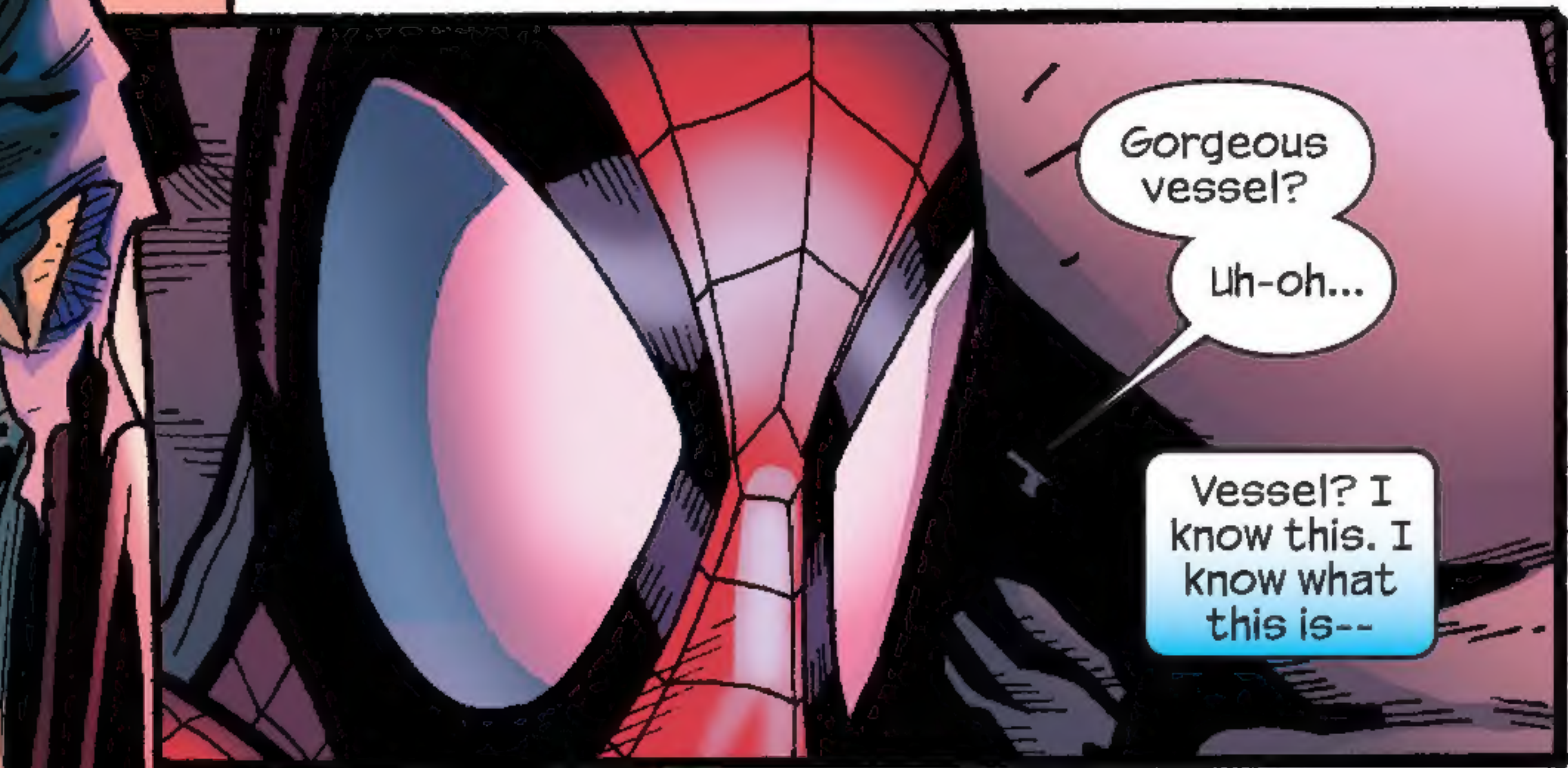
Don't tell Hulk what to do.

(The one time I need you to hit something and you give me 'tude.)



I've met you before.

You were a gorgeous vessel for me.



Gorgeous vessel?

Uh-oh...

Vessel? I know this. I know what this is--



But you. You monster...

You Hulk...

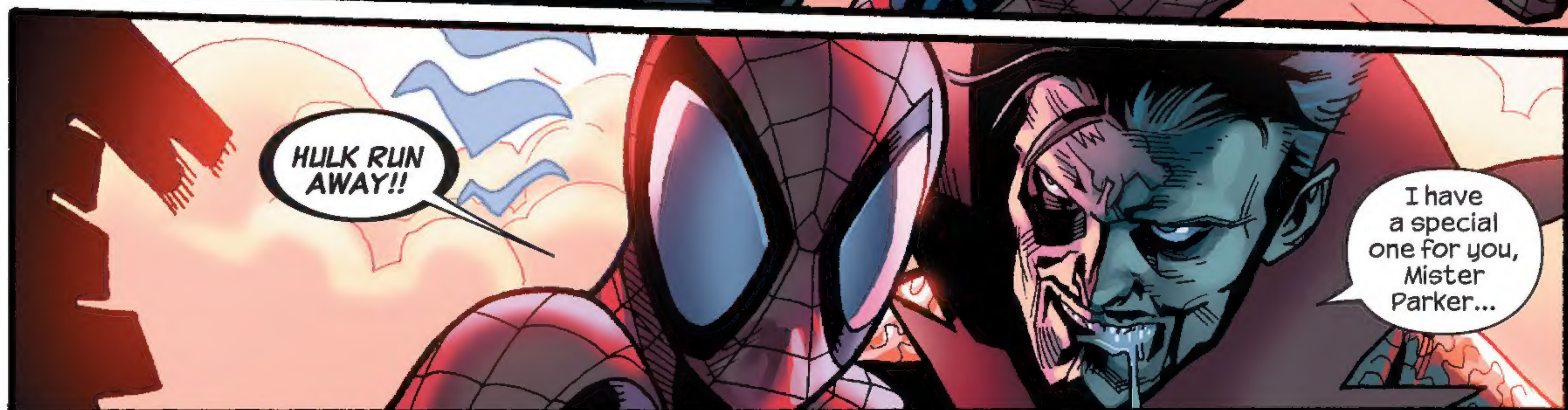
Let me show you your nightmares...

Nightmares. Oh no...

No no no no.



Hulk nightmares?





Oh yay...
He said, sarcastically.



Take your own advice, Parker. Just go. Get out of here.

You know what, Slappy. This isn't real. This is magicky goofy @#s% and the world's coming to an end and I'm not going to even--



Let--



SMASH



Sleep, Peter Parker. It's much more powerful.



You killed me.

You don't even know our names.

You've ruined the world.

You're a monster.

You're nothing.

You should be dead.

Not us.

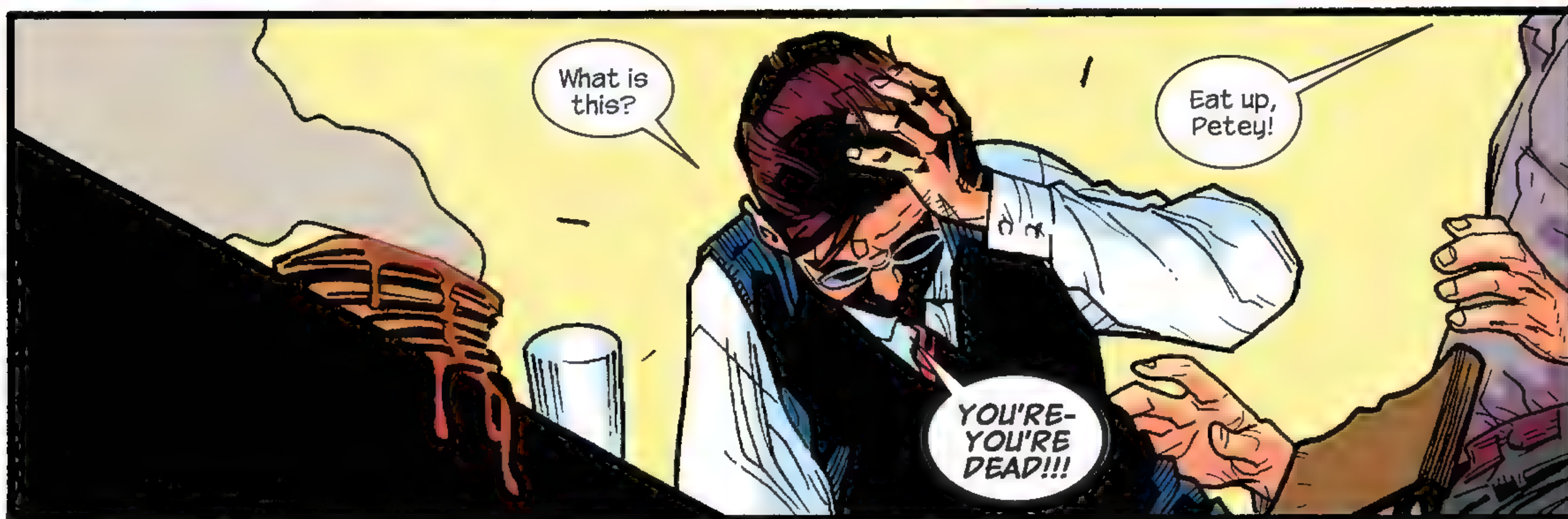
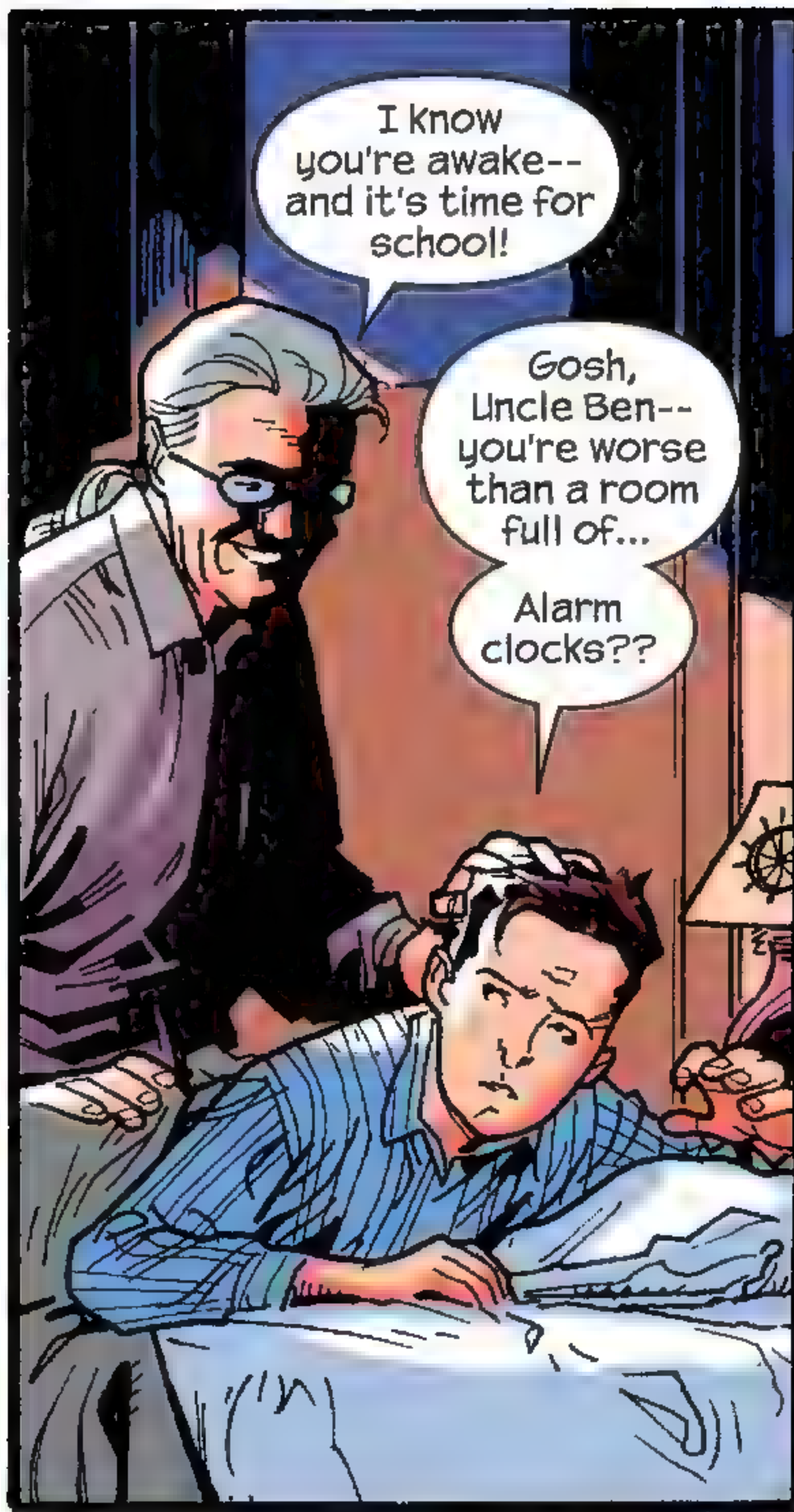
You should kill yourself.

You don't even know what a monster you are.

Why did you kill us?

Why did you make us die??







Agh!!

Jeez!

Ow. Wet.



I really don't know how much more of this I can take.

I really don't.



You remember me, don't you, Peter?

You and I, we've shared an experience.

Listen you, I know what you are.



I know you're magically pulling out all the bad stuff in my head because you get off on it or something, I know.

I get it. You're the god of nightmares.

Well, hate to break it to you, but look around you.

Look what's happened.

There's nothing in my head that's worse than what is actually happening.



Your nightmares are powerful. Unique. So, so beautiful.

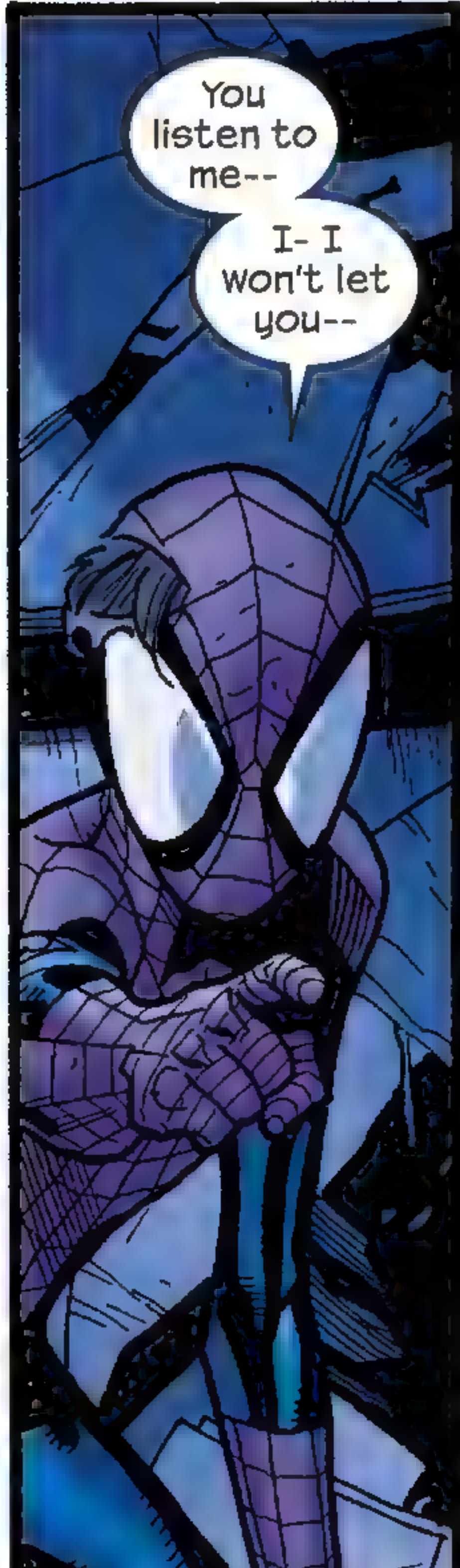
And your monstrous friend outside...

Oh my.

And you are giving me the power to do it.

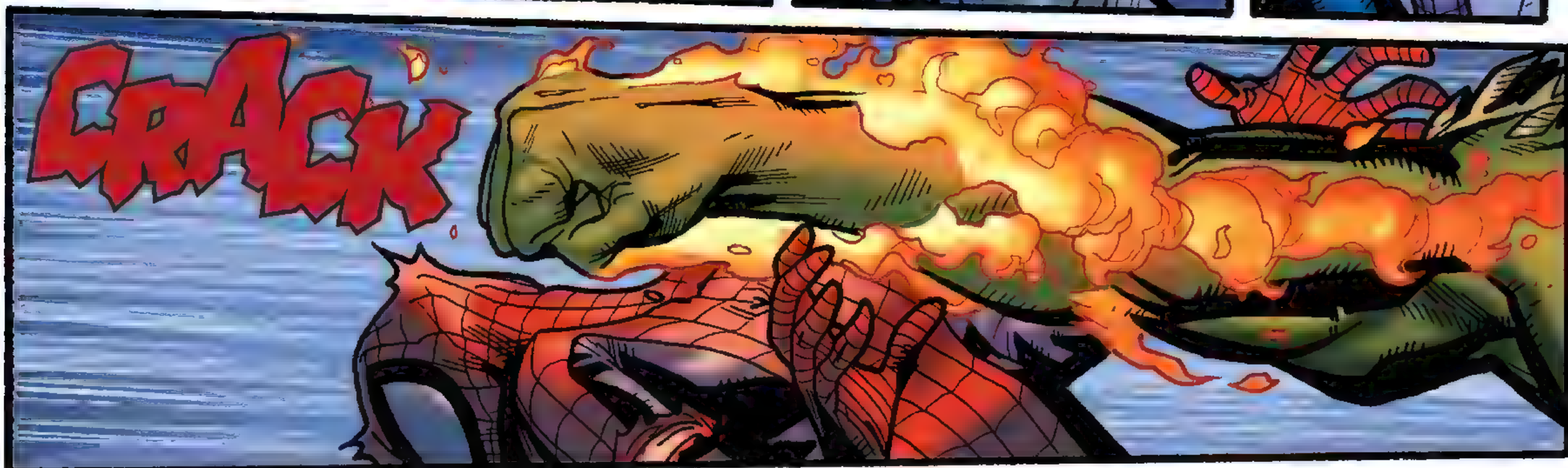
I've waited so long to come to this world. To be free in this world.

With every second. With every horrible thought.



You listen to me--

I- I won't let you--

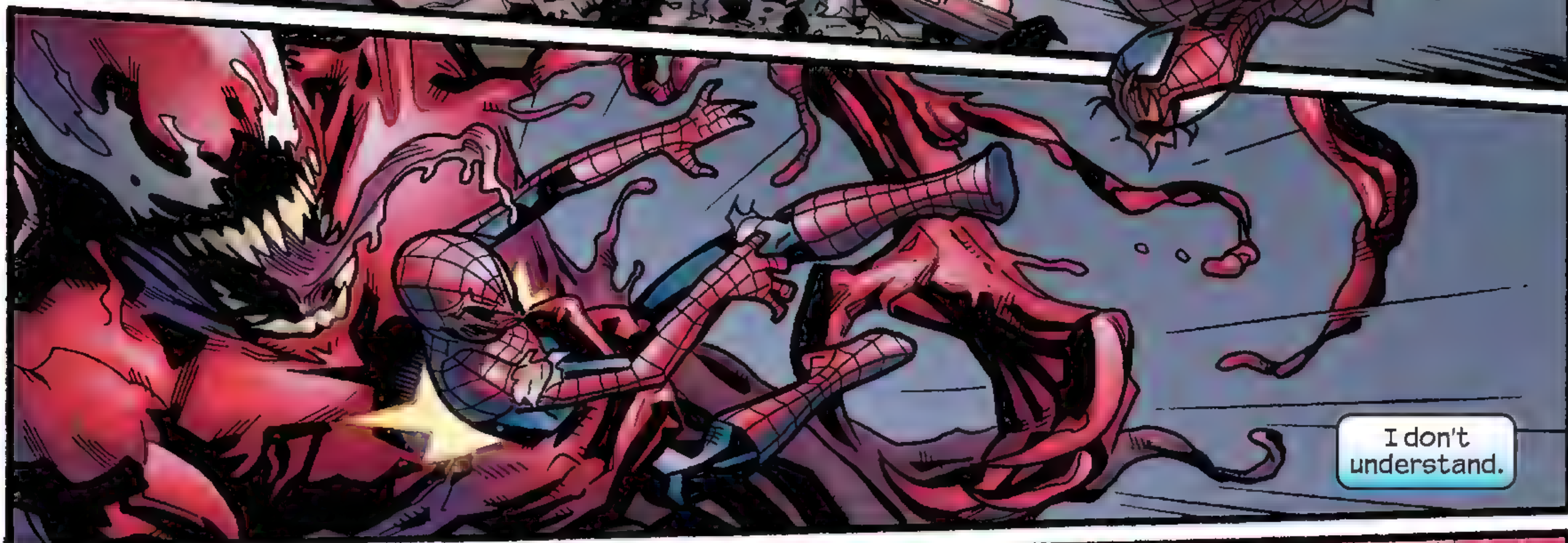


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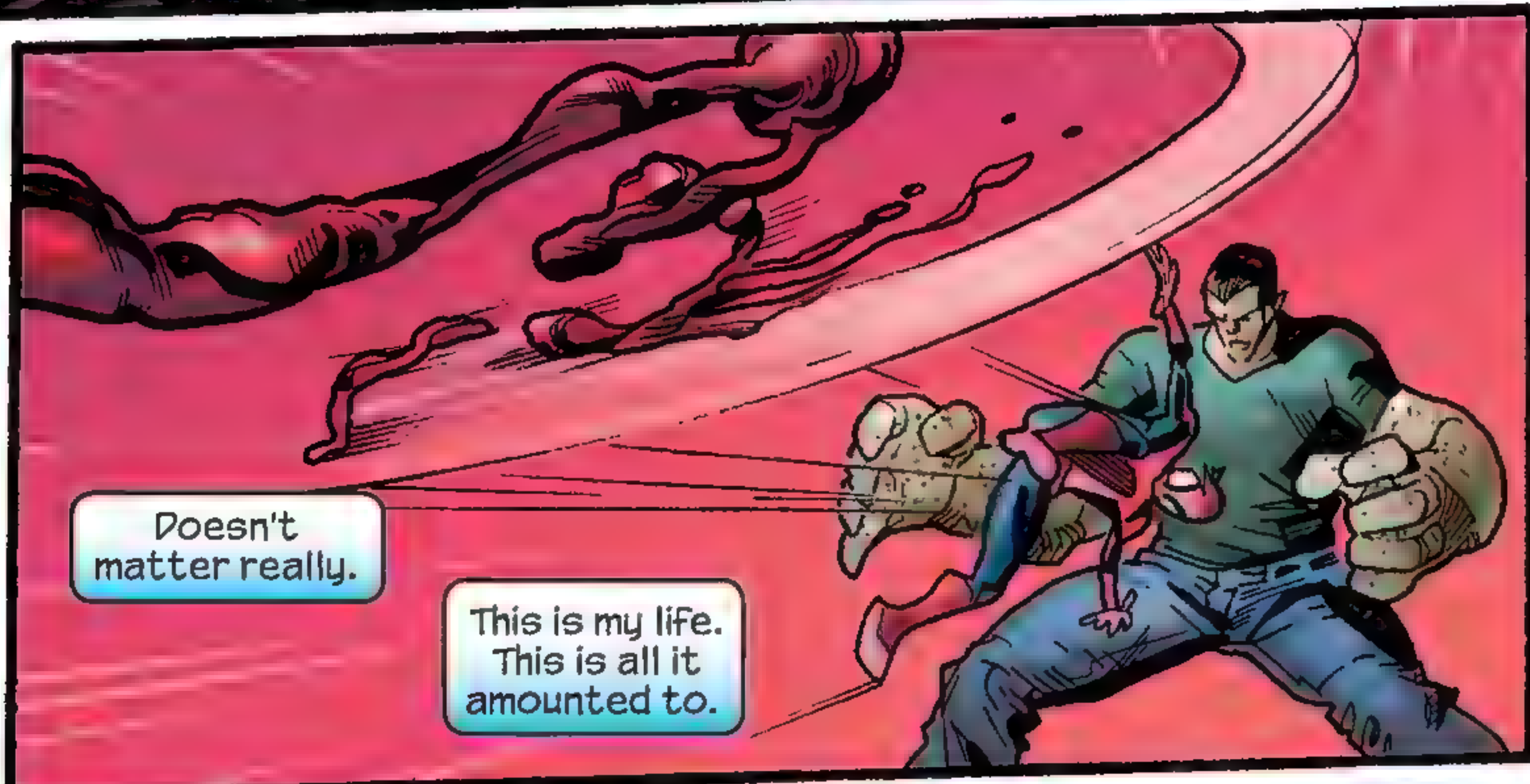


How is this real?

Why can I feel this?

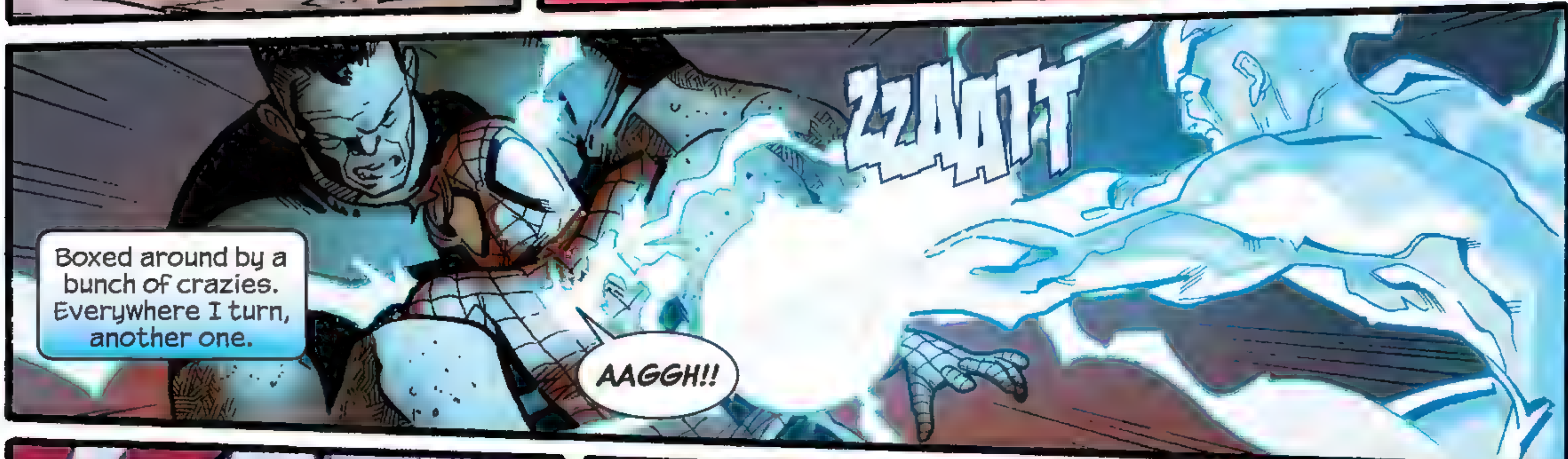


I don't understand.



Doesn't matter really.

This is my life.
This is all it amounted to.



Boxed around by a bunch of crazies. Everywhere I turn, another one.

AAGGH!!



I tried so hard to make a difference.

All it took was one crazy to destroy the world.



Ghagh!

What good did any of it do?
What difference did it make?



I was really kidding myself if I thought otherwise.

Thank you, Peter.



I can't.

I can't,
I can't,
I can't...

I can't leave
this horror of a
city without
Peter Parker.

I made a
promise.

Aunt May
asked me for
one thing.

Where the hell am
I going to find one
little Parker in this--



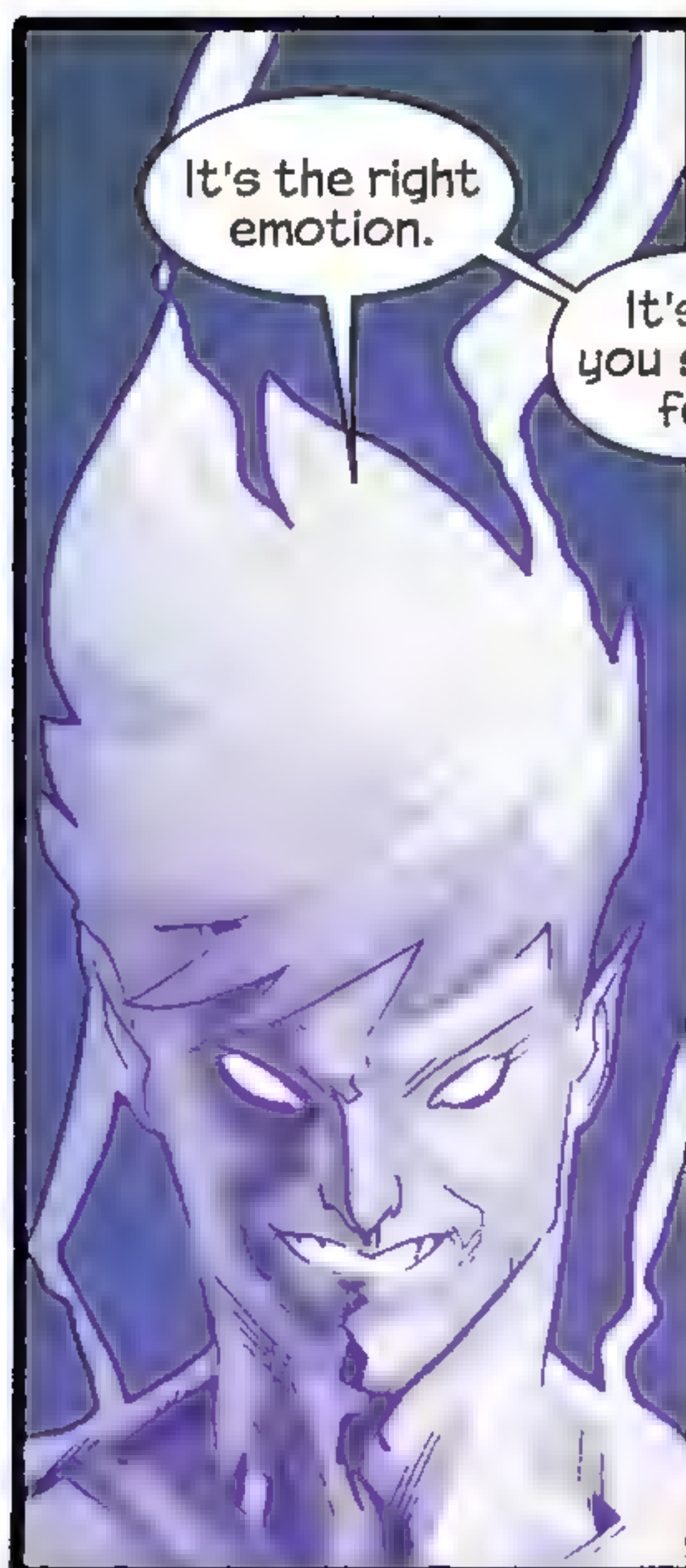
Purple explosions
in the middle of a
watery hell...

Sounds like
somewhere he
would be.



It's okay,
Peter.

It's okay to
be afraid.



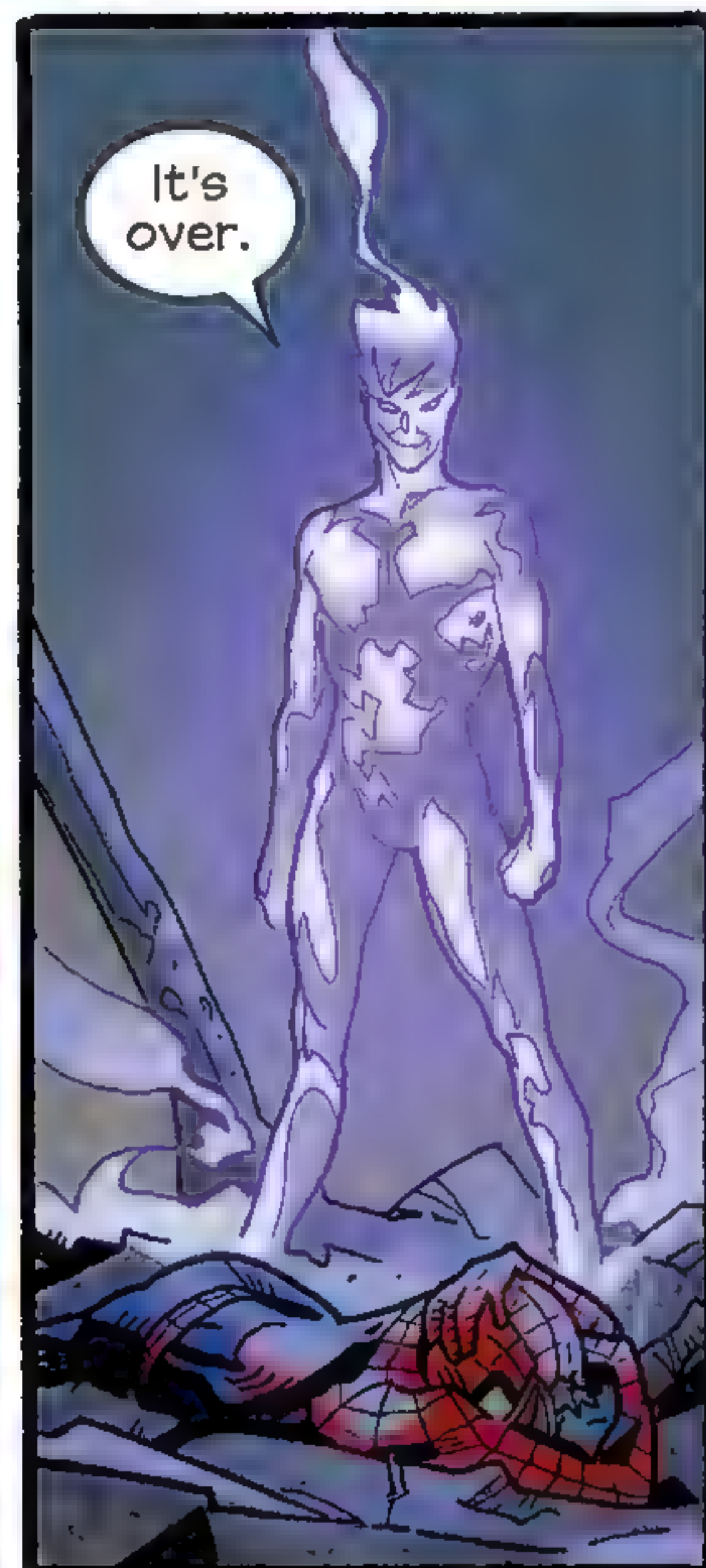
It's the right
emotion.

It's how
you *should*
feel.

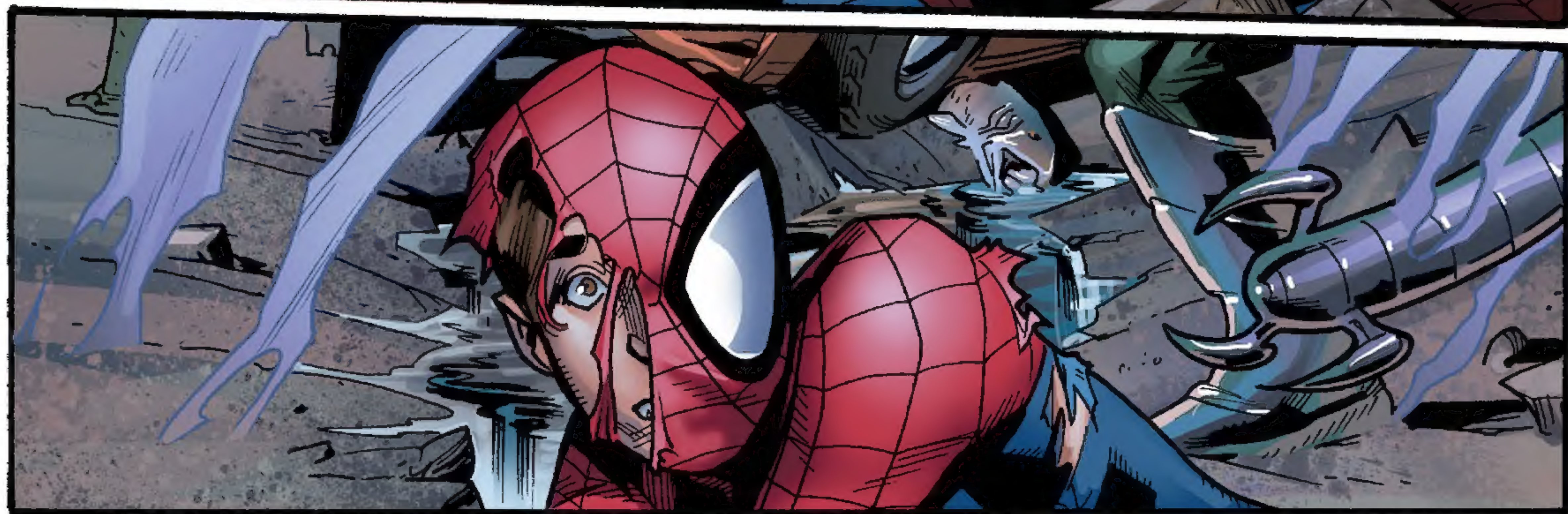


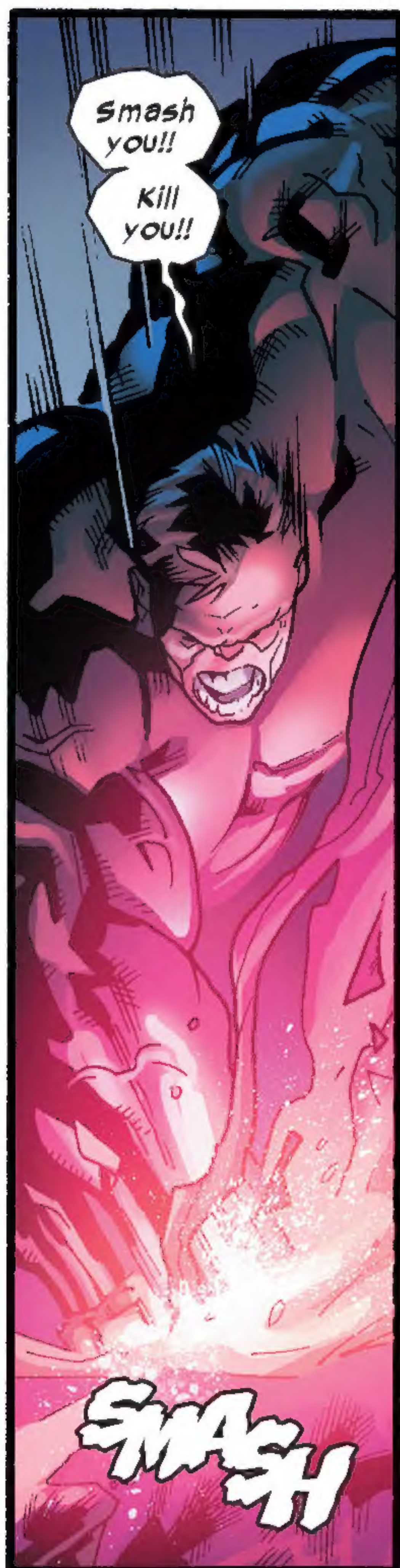
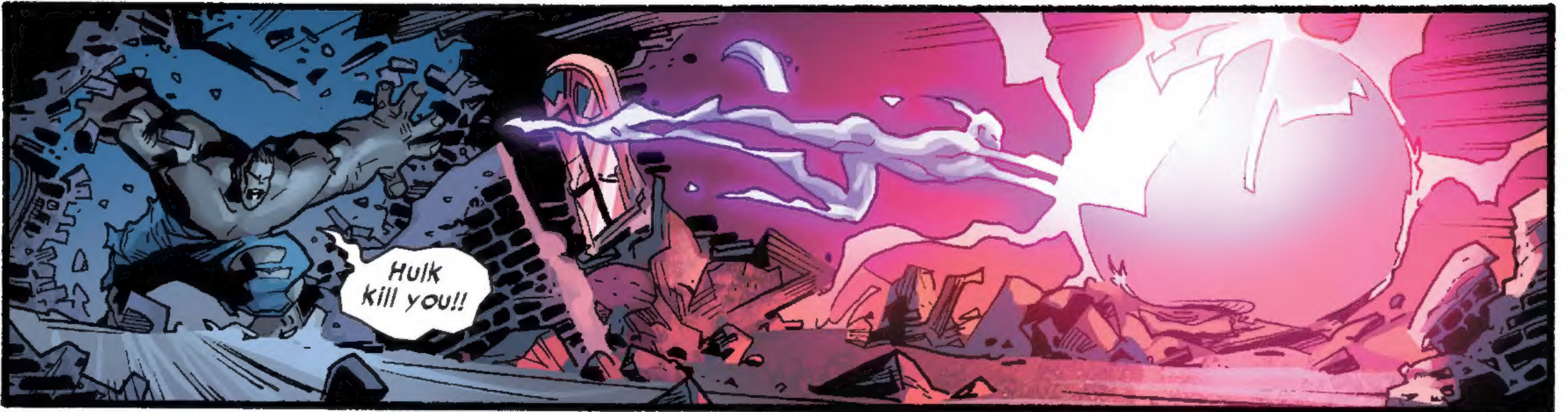
These
are scary
times.

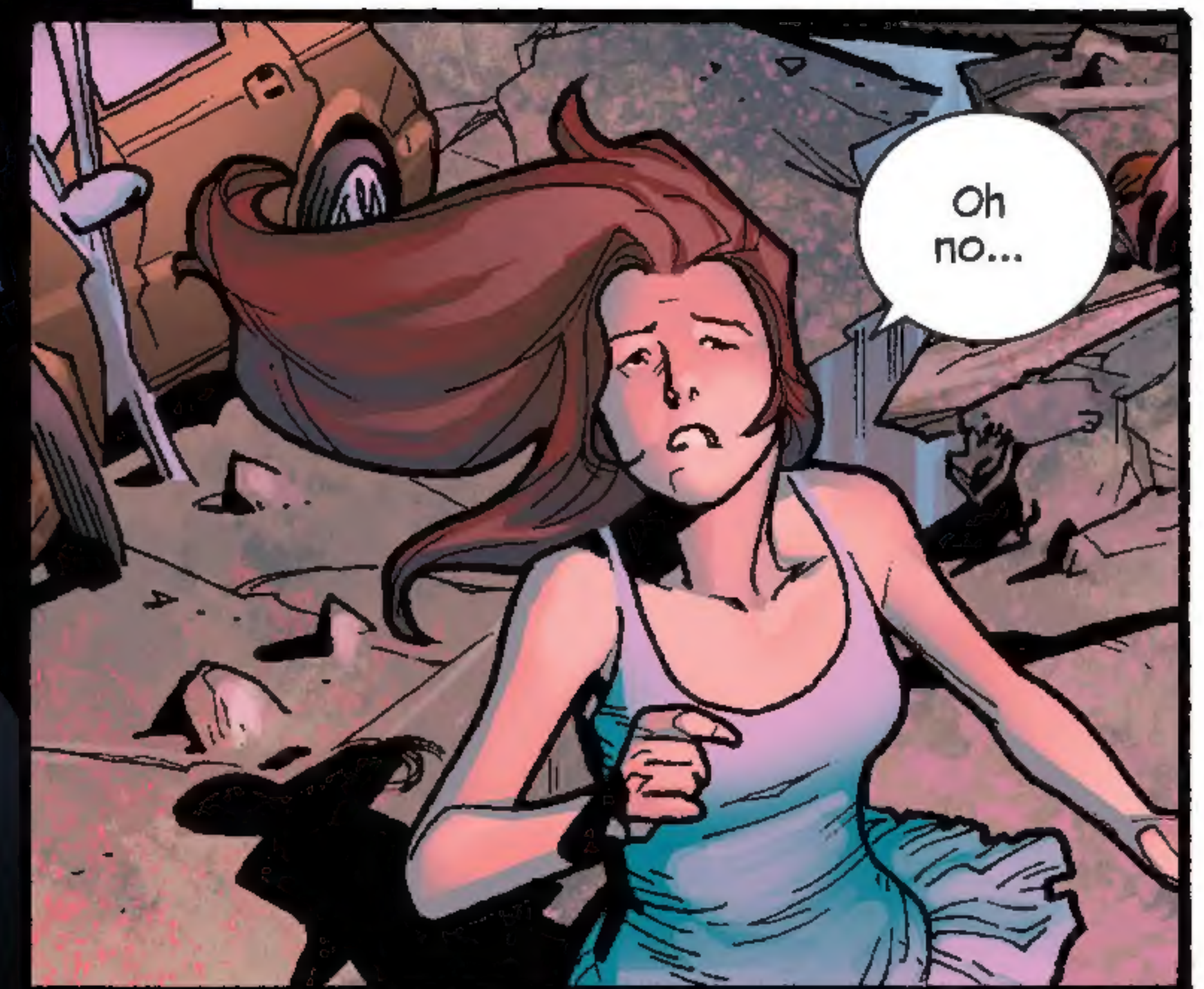
Your
world is
done.



It's
over.









SON OF ULTRAMAN